

Religious Intelligence

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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VOL. XXL

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS.—The Work is issued every Saturday in both the pamphlet and news-paper forms. The pamphlet form is paged and folded for binding; making sixteen large octavo pages, or 832 pages in a year, with an index at the close: and as hitherto, it is exclusively religious. It is suited to the wishes of those who have the past volumes, and who may wish to preserve a uniform series of the work; and also of those who, while they have other papers of secular intelligence, wish for one exclusively religious for Sabbath reading. The news-paper form contains one page of additional space, which is filled with a condensed summary of all the political and secular intelligence worth recording. It is designed especially to accommodate such families as find it inconvenient to take more than one Paper; and yet who feel an interest, as they should, in whatever concerns the Christian and Patriot. Subscribers have the privilege of taking which form they please.

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, NOVEMBER 5, 1836.

For the Intelligencer.

EVILS OF REMAINING AT HOME,

After Deciding to Labor in a Foreign Field.

It has become very common for many, who are preparing themselves for future usefulness, early to decide to go out as missionaries, as soon as they have completed their preparatory studies, and then, contrary to the expectations of their friends and the church remain at home. This course has become quite too fashionable, and it is time that those who feel an interest in the cause of missions, should render their protest against it. We would not, however, be understood to say, but that there are a few who are justified in taking a course different from their early intentions. God in his providence, may direct them to another part of the field from that, in which they expected to labor. But, we sincerely doubt, whether so great a proportion as we see from year to year, have a right to alter their decision, and we as sincerely doubt whether they would if they were fully aware of the evil consequences of such a course. We must confess that

our suspicions have been excited and our faith staggered in respect to many of our young men from the course which they have taken in this matter. Others have expressed the same feelings—particularly those who have for a long time been praying the "Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest." That there are many motives to induce us to act from selfishness in making up our decision, none will deny, and that many have professed attachment to the cause of missions in view of these motives, the Church has too great reason to fear.

It is very natural to suppose that pride might have some influence on our minds in choosing our future field of labor. The cause of missions has been quite popular, and those who have gone out as missionaries have even been looked upon as almost super human; their names have been wafted on every breeze, and they considered as examples of more than ordinary piety and self-denial. Ambition too, has had her votaries in this, as well as in every other cause. While many have labored long and well in the field and have justly been styled "modern Apostles;" it would be very natural for others to aspire to the same honor. The wrong opinions and views of some, respecting missionaries and the condition of the heathen, has, doubtless, influenced others to a premature decision, which has resulted in their abandoning the subject altogether.

There are many other motives that might be enumerated, which it is very natural to suppose would lead to a hasty decision on this subject. The evils, consequent upon such a course, are very obvious. The individual himself, by no means escapes the deadly influence. Unless he is perfectly conscious, that it is the will of God, that he should take the course he has last adopted, he will ever in after life, feel that he is not laboring in his own sphere.

A blush will unconsciously steal over his cheek, as he listens to the often repeated cry, from a distant Pagan land, "Come over and help us." The wailing of millions of defrauded heathen, coming up from the world of despair, will, like the Ghost of Hamlet, haunt him continually.

In his closet, in the social circle, in the concert, in his more public exercises, he feels that all is not right. Like the wicked, he will flee when no man pursueth. Thus he drags out the best part of his life; hoping, perhaps, that when his cares shall have increased and his family shall be growing up around him, that conscience will cease to do its office work, and that he shall be happy in laboring at home. But will he find his anticipated pleasure? Is he not expecting something that he never will realize? Do we not meet with such cases frequently, where the individual regrets exceedingly that he had not taken up his abode in some heathen land? They are not now made unhappy by the upbraidings of conscience, for they soon take sides with their understanding, and are condemning themselves for their folly and weakness, and are anxious, now it is too late, to carry the Gospel to the destitute in heathen lands. We may rest assured, that if God has commanded us to go to Nineveh, although we

may hide ourselves in the sides of the ship, he will find us out, and punish us for our disobedience.

Another very serious evil is, that it causes those who are examining the subject to give it up altogether. We all have an influence over those with whom we associate, and if, after we have decided to become missionaries, we change our opinion respecting our duty, we cannot doubt but that many can and will urge the same reasons why they should stay at home. At least, it will be a great discouragement to them. They will be staggered and perplexed with regard to duty. Their time will all be taken up in resolving doubts and perplexities, instead of making progress in holiness. A tax is laid on their time, so that it is very difficult for them to cultivate that spirit of deep-toned piety, which is an indispensable requisite to a successful missionary. The course which many of our young men have taken has been directly calculated to hinder those who would gladly carry the Gospel to the benighted heathen. Can they not, therefore, with propriety and justice, be called stumbling blocks in the way of the conversion of the world? "They will not enter in themselves and those that would, they hinder." How many days and weeks of deep anxiety and trouble might be spared, if those who have once decided to be missionaries would go on their way rejoicing.

Those already in the field are, also, greatly discouraged and disappointed. How must the heart of the missionary be cheered, to hear that a large proportion of the pious young men in our Colleges and Seminaries were decided to meet them one day on heathen grounds; and how deeply feel the disappointment, when looking for this long wished for number, they hear the sad news "We cannot come to your assistance; our aid is more loudly called for at home: we will labor here to prepare and send out others who shall help you by and by." Year after year this same reply is made.

If it were possible for the world to be converted by one saying "be ye warmed and be ye filled," doubtless the "heathen would long ago have been given to Christ for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possessions." Surely, if the missionary has no other source of consolation, but the fair promises and pretensions of his younger brethren, he must be sad indeed, and often must his heart sink within him, as he hears the cry of millions, "help or we perish."

Again: it is a great hindrance to the increase of the spirit of benevolence at home.

It is directly calculated to confirm the Church in the belief that our own country is in greater need of laborers, than the Pagan world. The Church has for a long time, had too narrow views of duty. Her efforts have been confined in too small a sphere. The whole field has not been surveyed with a view to take entire and immediate possession. Her desires have been too low. Small things have only been undertaken. Little, or nothing has been accomplished, but what might be done without sacrifice. Must all future generations pursue this same course which does not even aim at the conversion of the whole world? Must we follow in the footsteps of our fathers? Is it heresy to adopt any new views—to strike out any new plans to do good, if they do not interfere with those opinions and plans which are considered by all to be expedient and proper? Can we feel ourselves justified in remaining at home because most of those who have gone before us, have taken this course? Were all our young men to adopt the same standard as those who have preceded them, could they make any advance on the kingdom of darkness?

They could only preserve that which was delivered to them for safe keeping. Can we suppose that our fathers wish us to do no more than they have done for the conversion of the world? This would be distrusting their piety and honesty; for we are well aware that if no more is to be done than has been accomplished, the world will roll on for ages yet to come, unenlightened and uncon-

verted. But, will we go back to the days of the Apostles? we shall then find examples worthy of our imitation. We shall there find primitive Christianity in its pure and unadulterated state, spreading throughout the then known world. We may find a host of examples worthy of our imitation; examples which if all would follow, we might see those, who had once decided to obey the command of the Saviour, "Go ye into all the world," &c. going forth to the ends of the earth as heralds of salvation, instead of sitting down in some favored portion of God's vineyard at home. Let once those who have decided to become missionaries, leave their homes, and as they leave the shores of their native country, raise their voices in tones that could not be misunderstood, for means for their support, and there is money that would be readily and willingly given to send them throughout the world. In this way the spirit of primitive Christianity would be increased, for benevolence is cultivated only by exercising what we possess of it.

But if the increase of the spirit of benevolence is hindered, why not the spread of revivals of religion? Who has not seen, for a few years past, that revivals have spread and multiplied, in proportion to the interest felt for the conversion of the heathen? "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." If remaining at home after we have decided to be missionaries, hinders the increase of the spirit of benevolence, as is obvious from what has been said, and as the increase of revivals depends on the amount of benevolent feeling existing in the Church—revivals of religion must increase or decrease as the spirit of benevolence increases or decreases.

It deprives those, who do ultimately go out as missionaries, of the prayers and sympathies of Christians. It is very natural for the Church, when they see a large proportion of those, whom they thought were decided to labor in a foreign field, remaining at home, to distrust the honest intentions and motives of those who are sighing and crying over the desolation of the world, and waiting almost impatiently for the time to come, when they can have the privilege of preaching Christ a living testimony to them. They feel that they need the special prayers of the Church. They need to be watched and nursed for this work; but of this paternal care they are deprived. Little or no sympathy is excited in their behalf, because the Church know not whom to trust.

Doubtless many are influenced to change their decision because the Church has not had sufficient confidence in them, to cherish, encourage, admonish and rebuke them to hold on their way. Being surrounded by this, and the deadly influence of those who remain at home after having decided to labor in a foreign field, can we wonder that so many disappoint the fond hopes and expectations of the Church?

Many other evils might be mentioned, but we flatter ourselves that enough has been said already, to caution that class of whom we have spoken, to consider well the evil consequences—the ruinous effect both direct and indirect, of remaining at home, after they have decided to be missionaries.

Doubtless all feel that something is wrong in the course which is taken by many of our young men, but it cannot be remedied by delaying the decision till we have completed our preparatory studies, for all the means which are necessary to form an intelligent decision, are within the reach of every one commencing his studies preparatory to the gospel ministry; hence, by delaying decision, the consequence would not be in altering it, but in not making it at all.

The decision should be made intelligently, and because it is our duty to labor in a foreign land, and then we should find but few to disappoint the hopes and expectations of the Church, by remaining at home.

The Church would pray and watch over her sons and daughters. Every Christian would feel a deep interest in all those who have decided to be missionaries. If

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Christians would be excited to pray for them, they must examine the evils which we have here been contemplating. It may not be known that, out of twenty-five graduates from one of our first institutions whose names were enrolled with those who have pledged themselves to become missionaries; only eight or ten can be found of whom we have any reason to think will ever fulfill their promise. In another institution among eight who were decided to become missionaries, not one can be found who has the least intention of going to the heathen.

Every Christian should examine this subject thoroughly; and when they have learned that a great proportion of those who were once decided to labor among the benighted heathen, change their purposes and remain at home; will they not pray frequently and fervently for the "sons of the Prophets," not only that they may be holy men, and prepared for every good word and work, but that, after they have once decided to carry the Gospel to the destitute in heathen lands, they may not be influenced to change their purpose from any worldly or selfish motives.

B.

OUR FEARS, OUR HOPES, OUR AIMS ARE ONE."

To the Editor of the Religious Intelligencer:

Dear Sir,—I am no public writer, as probably you will perceive by my style. But I wish to say one word respecting the great, the frequent, the urgent call from all quarters of our land, for young men to devote themselves to the ministry. Now, Mr. Editor, I can go heart and hand with those who make these calls. I am using my influence to urge men to become missionaries. But in order to this, there must be preparation; much time, and many expenses are necessary in preparing for this holy office; and how are these expenses to be defrayed? Suppose a poor but devoted young man feels it his duty to become a minister; he has nothing but the mere pittance offered him by societies; which, do the best he can, and earn all he can, (and pursue his studies as he ought) will not more than half pay his expenses. Now what is he to do? He is urged on by duty and by friends, who say, O go on, God will provide; but say not a word how he will provide funds to help him on. Some talk as though God would work a miracle, or at least by some special providence provide funds. I say, Mr. Editor, this is not right in the sight of the Lord.

But this is not all. Having no money, and being unwilling to ask credit, when he sees no reasonable prospect of being able to pay, he cannot get even the comforts of life. But he suffers in silence. It is seldom you hear one complain. There is a case in my mind to the point. A young man had labored, struggled, sawed wood, begged, denied himself almost every comfort of life to get through his course, and came to near his last year, when through a long and cold winter he was brought into such circumstances that he actually, day after day, lived on bread and water, and perhaps now and then molasses. He depended for weeks on *charity* to supply his wants. It would have made you weep, Mr. Editor, to have seen the joy expressed by him one day, when a handkerchief of provisions was presented to him. O my God, thought I to myself, has it come to this, that these holy, devoted men must starve, because they are willing to deny themselves, and do any way, and live any how, that they may be instruments in saving souls. Now what I want is, that when men stand up and cry aloud for men to devote themselves to preach the gospel; when they urge parents to give up their children to the work of the ministry, they would at the same time give a reasonable assurance, to such as are poor, that they shall be comfortably sustained. Do you say that these cases are rare, that most will be provided for that will go. Perhaps they may, and go through and live, and be great and good men, and do much good. So did our forefathers go through their great struggle for independence, and gained it, and went half-naked and half-starved too.—

There was something like necessity for privation in their case; there is none in the present; for there is a superfluity in the church for every benevolent demand. I am intimately acquainted with three young men, and I might think of more, who have been pursuing studies preparatory to the ministry, and have been obliged to stop, and go to work to pay back arrearages, and to get something for their future necessities. Now, Mr. Editor, when the earth, and all the money, and all the men, are the Lord's, is it just and right, when God, angels, and men are calling louder than seven thunders for men to work in his vineyard, to withhold a little money, that those who would prepare for the labor, may pursue their studies without perplexing anxiety and needless interruption. Cannot this subject be so presented to the churches that they shall feel it to be their duty and their privilege to sustain those who are willing to give themselves to this work? They give themselves, their time, their talents, their lives; and is not this their part?

A Numerous Family.—A pious gentleman in ——— was engaged in a certain branch of business by which he was rapidly increasing in wealth. When he had made about \$50,000, the Rev. Mr. ——— was one day conversing with him, and asked if he had not accumulated property enough for his family, and if he had now better give up that kind of business?

'O,' said he, 'I have not yet made enough to give each of my children a *single leaf* of the catechism.'

'Why,' inquired the clergyman, 'how large is your family?'

'About six hundred millions,' was his reply. He looks on the whole family of man as his own family, and he is laboring for the salvation of them all.

CHRISTIAN DECISION ILLUSTRATED.

About twelve months since, I had the pleasure of introducing into my Church a lady, who with her husband had long continued an enemy to the cross of Christ. The Lord in mercy was pleased at length to convince her of sin, and righteousness, and judgment; and after a variety of exercises, severe and protracted, she was enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation, and enjoyed, as a blessed consequence, that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

I regret to say, that, though her husband cheerfully joined her in parties of pleasure, and fully participated in all the fashionable follies which distinguished them, yet he had no sympathy for the new class of enjoyments with which, after her change, her happiness was identified. In fact, his skepticism on the subject of religion led him to regard its doctrines with indifference, if not with absolute contempt. He noticed the change in his wife's views and feelings, at first, with sentiments of pity; but when he found that she was steadfast in her principles, and decided in the course she had marked out for herself, he became angry and peevish.

I fear that many Christian females, whose husbands know not God, by injudicious conduct strengthen the prejudice which they wish to break down, and, instead of attracting, repel. I am happy to record, to the honor of my friend, a course of prudence, propriety, and affection, the reverse of this. She kept constantly in mind the apostolic injunction, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands;" and, therefore, in all things lawful, she was lawful—she was strictly and cheerfully obedient. Her religion, happily, was eminently lovely and attractive, yet entirely free from mean and sinful compliances. It did not partake of that pharisaic spirit which says, Stand by, I am holier than thou. At the same time it was sufficiently marked to show forth its true character. Nor was the religion of my excellent friend of that sickly, fastidious character which is unable to distinguish between the urbanities of life and conduct which is offensive in the sight of God. Thus by a constant exhibition of

cheerful piety she softened, in a great measure, the asperities of her husband's temper, and weakened his prejudices. Yet she was not the companion with whom he once could sing, and dance, and enter into company.—Against every species of Sabbath violation she decidedly set her face; on this subject her firmness was now to be put to the test.

Her younger sister was to be married to a worthy young man, and the ceremony was to be performed under the paternal roof. Mrs. — was anxious to be present, especially as her sister was to leave immediately for the far west, and the probability of not seeing her again for a long time to come was not great. Just before the proposed hour of departure, she was informed by her husband that an unexpected circumstance had occurred which prevented him from leaving home that day. "Well," replied she, "I am very much disappointed, but I must submit." "O no," said he, "you shall not be disappointed; we can go to-morrow, (Sunday,) and shall reach your mother's house in good season." "I thank you for your intended kindness," replied she, "but as to-morrow will be the Sabbath, I cannot go. You know my opinion on that subject, which is unchanged. Nothing but a deed of mercy would justify me in traveling on the Sabbath. This is not one and I must beg to be excused." Though his wife had manifested much tenderness in her manner, yet with her decision Mr. — was not much pleased; and he left home on the following day discontented and peevish.

A journey alone affords time and opportunity for reflection; and Mr. — availed himself of it. He reviewed the whole course of his wife's conduct since the day when she publicly confessed her faith in the Saviour,—her uniform piety—her unostentatious devotion—her sweet and amiable deportment—her patience with him—and the evident design which she manifested to please and make him happy. He returned home in a better temper, and received her affectionate welcome with unwonted tenderness.

After giving an account of the wedding, and the state of the family generally, he said, "I am really surprised, wife, that you would not accompany me; and to tell you the truth, I was quite disposed to be angry with you for it; but, upon reflection, I can but respect you for your consistency. I never thought much about religion; and one reason is, I have seen so little of it in those who pretend to have a great deal. But, if it will make me what it has made you, (though you were always a good wife,) it is worthy of more attention than I ever bestowed upon it." I need not say how much affected this young Christian sister was by the avowal of her husband. Since the time referred to, Mr. — has appeared in the sanctuary in company with his wife; and though there is no decided evidence that he has experienced a change of heart, yet there is unquestionably a great change of outward conduct.

Permit me, dear madam, to commend to all the wives who read your journal, and who have unbelieving husbands, the conduct of Mrs. — as an example worthy of imitation. "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband."—*Mother's Journal.*

They that have been long tossed by folly, when once landed on a good life, should burn their ships, as Caesar burnt those of his legions on the British coast. The soldier of the cross should destroy every desire of embarking in ill, and render his return impracticable.

LETTER FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Rendezvous, head quarters of Colorado, }
Rock Mountains, July 11, 1836. }

Dear brother Leavitt—The readers of your valuable paper would doubtless be gratified to learn something of the expedition fitted out last spring for the Rocky Moun-

tains. I will endeavor to give a brief history of our journey to this place, and the prospects before us:

Myself and wife left our friends in Oneida co., N. Y., the first day of February last, traveled by land to Pittsburgh, 500 miles, which we reached first of March.—We were joined at Cincinnati by Doct. Whitman and wife, from Ontario co., N. Y., and reached Liberty, Mo., the most western town on the Missouri river, 7th of April, where we were joined in a few days by brother Gray, of Utica, N. Y. From Pittsburgh to this place, 1,500 miles, we came by water; had a pleasant journey; received many favors from kind friends—were especially favored by captains Forsyth, Judon and Littleton, of the steam boats Arabian, Junius and Charlton, who treated us with great kindness, and gave us nearly half our passage. From Liberty some of us started 27th of April, and the rest 1st of May, with two wagons, 17 head of cattle, and 19 horses and mules. At Cantonment Leavenworth, 30 miles from Liberty, we entered upon the great prairie, which ends only with the Pacific ocean, west, and extends north and south thousands of miles, and commenced our camps—since which time the ground has been our table, our chairs, and, with a few blankets, our bed. By the blessing of God, however, we have been comfortably sheltered from the cold and wet. We reached the Otoe village, mouth of the Platte river, 300 miles from Fort Leavenworth, 19th of May. Here Rev. Mr. Merrill, a Baptist missionary, and Mr. Case, are located, in whose family we were very kindly treated while we were crossing our effects. The Platte, as its name indicates, is very broad and shallow, about a mile in width. We crossed in skin canoes. When we left this place, the American Fur Company, under whose protection we expected to cross the mountains, were five days ahead of us. Their animals were fresh, as they started from Council Bluff, near this place; ours had already traveled 300 miles, by forced marches.—But their being ahead was to our advantage. They made bridges and prepared roads; and by the blessing of God we overtook the company in four and a half days. We passed up the north side of the Platte to Fort William, foot of Black Hills, 600 miles from the mouth of the Platte, which we reached 13th of June. At Fort William we remained eight days. Started the 21st, traveled up the south side of the Platte 140 miles, crossed to the north again, and passed up its waters till we struck the waters of the Colorado, 2d July. The waters of the Platte, Colorado, Columbia and Yellow Stone, rise within a few miles of each other; those of the two former interlock, some 20 or 30 miles. When we left the waters of the Atlantic we struck those of the Pacific in six or seven miles, without passing any mountain. Our route from Fort William, at the foot of the mountains, has been rough, of course, but nothing to what might be expected in crossing the Rocky Mountains. We frequently crossed hills in cutting off bends of rivers, or in passing from one river to another, but we seemed to descend as much as we ascended, till, 1st and 2d of July, we came to spots of snow, which convinced us we were very high. Since the 11th of June we have not been out of sight of snow, on the tops of the mountains around. We have succeeded in getting a wagon thus far, and hope we shall be able to get it through.

To Fort William our route lay through a dead level prairie, and plenty of grass. Since we left the Fort we have found but little grass—our animals have suffered much, and are now very poor. From this on we expect to find fuel and grass sufficient. Several days before we reached the Fort, we saw nothing in the shape of timber; our fuel consisted of buffalo manure, which, when dry, makes a hot fire. Our bread, meat, and potatoes, since the 1st of June, have been nothing but buffalo flesh, and most of the time very poor.

We have all, however, by the blessing of God, enjoyed good health, and endured the fare very well, except

Mrs. Spaulding, whose health, which was better than usual when we came to Buffalo, has suffered some, either from the living or the toils of the journey. Our journey on will be still more difficult, on account of food. In a few days from this place, buffalo cease entirely, and no game is to be found in the country. To remedy the evil, we have to dry and pack meat here for the journey. The waters on this side of the mountains are much better than those on the east, the sweetest and purest I ever drank.

The company with which we journeyed, consisted of about 90 men, and 200 animals, mostly mules, heavy loaded. At this camp we found about 300 men, and three times the number of animals, employed by the Fur Company in taking furs, and about 2,000 Indians, Snakes, Bunnahs, Flatheads, and Nez Perces. Captain Steward, an English gentleman of great fortune, and Mr. Seileim, a German, traveled with us for discovery and pleasure. The order of the camp was as follows: rise at half past 3 A. M. and turn out animals, march at 6, stop at 11, catch up and start at 1 P. M., camp at 6, catch up and picket animals at 8; a constant guard night and day. The intervals were completely taken up in taking care of animals, getting meals and seeing to our effects, so that we had no time for rest from the time we left one post till we reached another. When we reached this place, not only our animals but ourselves were nearly exhausted. Our females endured the fatigues of the march remarkably well. Your ladies who ride on horseback 10 or 12 miles over your smooth roads, and rest the remainder of the day and week, know nothing of the fatigues of riding on horseback from morning till night, day after day, for 15 or 20 days, at the rate of 25 and 30 miles a day, and at night have nothing to lie on but the hard ground. Truly we have reason to bless God that our females are alive and enjoying comparatively good health. The Fur Company showed us the greatest kindness throughout the whole journey. We have wanted nothing which was in their power to furnish us.

We reached this place 6th of July, 16 days from Fort Green. We expect to start in four or five days, and by the blessing of our kind heavenly Father, reach Fort Wallawalla on the Columbia, 1st Sept. We shall either accompany the Nez Perces alone, or fall into Capt. McLeod's camp, a British fur trader, whom, it would seem, the Lord has sent up from Vancouver, on purpose to convey us down. From information received both from Indians and whites, we shall probably locate about 2 days east of Wallawalla, the nearest Nez Perces village.—At Wallawalla, we learn from good authority, that we can procure all the necessities of life on reasonable terms. Many cattle and some grain are raised at this place. At Vancouver, five days from Wallawalla, for boats down the river, and ten up, is a large establishment—a mill and several mechanical shops. They have 6 or 700 head of cattle, and raise thousands of bushels of grain every year. Near this place the Lees, our Methodist brethren, are located, and are doing well. We have now accomplished 3,200 miles of our journey, and have about 700 yet to make. No hand but that which has so wonderfully sustained and led us on thus far, can lead us through. Oh, may not our wicked hearts cause Him, who rules all things, to withdraw that hand. Two days before we reached this camp, 12 or 15 Nez Perces met us and received us gladly. At night we had a talk with them, told them we had left our friends and home, and come many hundred miles to live with them, to teach them how good white men live, to teach them about God, and to do them good. We spoke through four languages, English, Iroquois, Flat Head, and Nez Perces. They replied that they were happy that we had come. They knew now that Dr. Whitman spoke straight, as he had come according to promise. One brought a letter and some papers from Mr. Parker, and said that he accom-

panied Mr. Parker from this place last year to Wallawalla, from thence to Vancouver, where they wintered, that they returned in the Spring to Wallawalla, tried to get an escort of Indians to this place to meet us, but failed, that Mr. Parker got down from his horse, wrote the letter, told him to fetch it to Dr. Whitman, and conduct him to that place, about a day from Wallawalla, and that Mr. Parker was going home by sea. An old chief replied, that he did not hear Mr. Parker and Dr. Whitman last year, but was glad to hear our voices now, that he was old and had but few days to live, but was glad that we had come to instruct his children. As we approached the camp, the Nez Perces met us in great numbers. When we arrived, we learned from all sources, that when the Nez Perces camp heard that we were actually coming with the Fur Company, it was filled with rejoicing. As we came into camp they flocked around us by hundreds. Our females found it quite difficult to get along for the multitudes that pressed around to shake them by the hand, both men and women. Some of their women would not be satisfied till they had saluted our's with a kiss, but they were very orderly. Our females, of course, being the first that ever penetrated those wild regions, excited great curiosity. Our cattle, also, are much admired by the Indians.

Soon after we arrived we had another talk with the Indians. They replied, they had come for no other reason than to conduct us to their country, and they thanked God they saw our faces. The other day an old chief came to our camp and said, he was not in the habit of crowding people's houses, but stood off and looked on. He rejoiced we were coming to live in his country, and said he would give us a horse as a present. At night he brought a fine horse. The Indians say, the place selected by Mr. Parker, is not good for us, no timber, but about two days east from Wallawalla there is plenty of good timber and grass, but little snow, horses winter well. The Indians take great pains to teach us their language; many of them can speak English quite plain. They are truly a very interesting, pleasant race of Indians.

It is said they observe prayers night and morning, and keep the Sabbath, will not move camp on the Sabbath unless they are with white men, and are obliged to. They are styled by the northern men, Christian Indians. I hope we shall find these reports true, but we must not flatter ourselves, we must not forget that they are Indians. I have just returned from a scene that convinces me we shall have savages to deal with. However, one thing looks favorable, their anxiety for instruction, which commenced when they, in connection with the Flatheads, sent to St. Louis to get some information about our religion, still continues, though they have met with one or two disappointments that must necessarily operate against us for a time. The field indeed appears to be a promising one, but we must recollect that the heart of man in all ages, and among all people, is desperately wicked, fully set against God and his government, that nothing but the grace of God can subdue it, that our only hope of success is by faith, prayer, patience, and constant, persevering labor. We may see such days as the missionaries of the South Sea Islands—but we hope our Christian brethren in our beloved land will remember us in their daily prayers, though we are separated by thousands of miles. Yours in the gospel of Christ,

H. H. SPALDING.

July 16th.—We are now comfortably situated in the camp of Messrs. McLeod & McCoy—find them very friendly, interesting gentlemen, disposed to favor us as far as in their power; will alter their route several days, that we may pass with our wagon; will furnish us with all kinds of grain, fruit, farming utensils, clothing, &c. at Wallawalla or Vancouver, on very reasonable terms. Our friends may rest assured that we shall want for nothing, if God spares our lives to get through.

N. Y. Evangelist.

For the Intelligencer.

"THE CHRISTIAN BRAHMUN."

Mr. Editor.—The recent visit to this city of the Rev. Mr. Reed, Missionary from India, has led me to desire more particular information with regard to that populous and interesting country. This information I have found, conveyed in a most interesting manner, in "The Christian Brahmun,"—a work recently published by Mr. Reed. Those who had the pleasure of hearing Mr. R. will be gratified with possessing his book, in remembrance of its author. From Bible classes and the Christian community generally, it cannot fail of a grateful reception. The book is not only interesting and useful as furnishing much information of a popular kind,—but it also exhibits in a clear and striking light, the true nature of heathenism. In this respect we think it peculiarly adapted to the present wants of the community.

Although missionary intelligence is much more widely and abundantly diffused than formerly, it is still true that a great majority of Christians have very erroneous impressions with regard to the real nature of heathenism. The difficulties which meet the missionary at every step, arising from the low and debasing influences of idolatry, have been overlooked, or but faintly perceived. The consequence is that most extravagant and ill-founded expectations are entertained. The absurdities of idolatry are so glaring, that it is supposed that they need only to be pointed out, and an immediate renunciation of them will follow. It seems to be forgotten to how great an extent the gospel is preached in vain in this country, where all the influences of truth are concentrated and brought to bear upon consciences fully enlightened. "The great difficulty," says a missionary, "is, the heathen have no consciences." Of course he speaks comparatively,—but how can it be expected that the heathen should be peculiarly susceptible to impression, when we see how stupid and insensible men are in this Christian land. Just think, for a moment, upon the influences which surround and follow the heathen through every moment of his existence,—from his parents, his associates, his sacred books, if he has any,—the very rites of his religion,—and from the character of the very gods he worships—a character compounded of falsehood, licentiousness, and cruelty. "Virtue," say the Brahmuns, "may be a very good thing to talk and theorize about, but where do you see it practised? Besides the world would stop if every body should cease to lie." If, then, the favored villages of New England remain like the valley of vision, full of dry bones, how irrational to expect a different state of things among the heathen, especially when the labors of the missionary are sustained by so little earnest, believing prayer on the part of the church.

Another idea extensively prevalent, and which needs correcting, is, that every convert from heathenism is scarcely inferior to an apostle. Let those who entertain such erroneous views with regard to the character and attainments of converted heathen, turn their minds to some Christian of their acquaintance who has been reclaimed from the lowest depths of ignorance and debasement, and they may be aided in forming an idea of a converted heathen.

Another impression which this book is well calculated to rectify, is, that the church has come up, or is rapidly coming up to the standard of feebleness and action necessary to the conversion of the world. Such readers of this book will see that they have greatly underrated the strength of the opposition to be encountered. Satan has not become so weary of governing this world, as to give it up without a struggle,—nor has human depravity so decayed by time as to have lost its power,—nor the heart of man so weary of the reign of idolatry as to sigh for the yoke of Christ. Mr. Reed has shown in a clear light that neither of these things are true; and no Christian will go from the perusal of this volume to the Monthly

Concert, (if he is in the habit of attending that meeting,) and look around upon the vacant seats, and longer feel that there is any thing like the requisite amount of interest, or prayer, or effort requisite to the speedy fulfilment of the last command of his Saviour.

While this book shows us the true nature and magnitude of the difficulties which oppose the conversion of the heathen, and all high attainments in piety, it also shows us the things for which we are to pray together, with the encouragements to prayer. It exhibits in a most interesting and affecting manner the power of Divine grace over the most depraved heart. Indeed, it is doubted whether there can be found in the memoirs of the most enlightened Christian, more glowing love to the Saviour, more child-like confidence in God, "taking hold of the hand of the heavenly Father,"—descriptions of more sweet and intimate communings with the Father of spirits,—more of the meekness and humility of the gospel, or a more entire and cheerful offering of the body and spirit, a "living sacrifice," than can be found here,—and all in language of most touching simplicity and feeling.

H.

W. B. AND HIS FRIEND.

From "Inquirer's Guide; or Truth illustrated by Facts," by Rev. Charles Fitch.

W. B. was born of pious parents, and early instructed in the truths of God's word. He had, from his earliest childhood, a full belief of the truths of the Bible, and never, for a moment, doubted the necessity of being born again, in order to escape the miseries of an eternal hell, and become a recipient of the blessings of everlasting life. From childhood, he had repeated seasons of seriousness, when he used to think of the solemn truths of religion, and weep in view of his open exposure to eternal death. For the most part however he felt a settled aversion to the truths, which he could not but regard as the word of God, and was exceedingly unwilling to be personally addressed on subjects connected with his eternal welfare.

At about seventeen years of age, during the time of a prevailing and exceedingly mortal sickness in the place of his residence, his thoughts were again turned toward the future life. When he saw the old dying it excited no alarm, for he thought that the old must die. When he saw the middle aged cut down in the glory of their strength, and hastened into eternity, it awakened no serious apprehensions, for he thought within himself that he was younger than they, and therefore not likely to be taken. When he saw young children dying, he did not tremble, for he knew it was no unusual thing for such to die.

Almost every day during this season of sickness, the solemn tones of the village bell spoke the departure of another soul to eternity; and when, on a day as he was walking alone in the fields, he heard another death thus announced, he sat down upon a stone to count the age of the unknown departed, as, according to the custom of the village, it should be made known by the striking of the bell. He listened with almost breathless attention—He counted—The bell struck his own age, and all was still. He thought of this. He had seen the aged die, but it did not affect him, for he was not old. He had seen the middle aged leave the world, and thought little of it, for he was but a youth. He had seen smiling infancy and prattling childhood called away, and was still unaffected, for he was not a child. But now death had begun to thin his own ranks, and he was at once alarmed, for he knew he was not fit to die. As he thought of this he was troubled. He looked into hell and shuddered, lest he should find there his eternal home.

In this state of mind every thing seemed to fill him with new distress. As he lay on his bed at night, he would say to himself, thus I must lie down in the grave.

As he extinguished his light, he would reflect, thus will my lamp of life go out. And as the darkness came around him, he thought of the eternal midnight of despair. Here he desired to know what he should do to be saved. But he was unwilling to disclose his feelings to those who might have guided him in the path of life, and hid them altogether in his own breast. He had little knowledge of himself as a sinner, and with regard to what he must do to secure salvation, his mind was as dark as an Egyptian night. He sought instruction from religious books, but no light shone on him. Day after day he trembled, lest God should cut him down in his sins, and make his death the means of awakening his young companions and leading them to prepare to die. At length, he resorted to works of self-righteousness to quiet his fears. He determined to break off from outward sins, and to attend twice a day on the duty of secret prayer.

This course soon began to quiet his feelings: and as the sickness which had proved so mortal began about this time to subside, and death became less frequent, and the tolling of the bell ceased to be heard, he went back again to his forgetfulness of a hastening eternity. Another year passed away in sin—in most wicked disregard of God, and all the duties enjoined in his holy word.

When the season returned, on which he had been so alarmed at the fear of death, he found himself thrown, by one of those apparently trifling and unimportant events, which, under the providence of God, so often lead to the most important results, into a place where God was pouring out his Spirit and turning sinners to the truth. Here his thoughts were again turned to his soul, which, he well knew, was still in the broad way of death. On hearing an aged Christian speak with great fervor of feeling, of his strong desires to be ready for death, which he knew was near at hand, W. B. was deeply impressed with a sense of his own perishing condition. He now sought as he had never done before, to disclose his feelings to Christians, that he might have their instruction, and be directed in the way of life. Through the instrumentality of those who conversed with him, he was led to see his guilt as a transgressor of God's law, as he had never done before; and also the perfect justice of God in his condemnation.

About this time, he listened to a sermon from the following text: "He has taken me from the horrible pit and the miry clay, and placed my feet on a rock, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise to our God." The preacher represented the condition of the sinner, as in a deep and miry pit, out of which he could not deliver himself without aid, and in which, he must, if he remained there, eventually perish. He then represented Christ as appearing at the top of this pit, and reaching down into its depths, and darkness, and mire, and kindly inviting the perishing man to take hold of his hand, that he might deliver him from his wretched situation, and bring him into the light and gladness of unclouded day. Here the preacher dwelt upon the sin of unbelief. He said the sinner in his pit might say to Christ, "I am afraid you have not strength to take me out of this deep pit: or, I am afraid you do not intend to do it; but merely to raise me for a while that I may by and by fall deeper in the mire." He also said, that for the sinner to exercise faith in Christ, was to take hold on the hand reached down to him, and place full confidence in the strength and kindness of him by whom the assistance was offered; and that then he would be delivered.

W. B. listened with deep attention. He felt that his own case was exactly described. He saw himself a sinner, unable to deliver himself from the curse of God's violated law. He saw that Christ was both able and willing to save. He could almost see himself in the deep and miry pit, and behold the hand of the Lord Jesus Christ reached down for his rescue. He heard the Saviour's kind invitations to all who were in this perilous

condition. He saw that there was something here which he could do, and instantly in the fulness of his heart, he resolved to lay hold with all his strength upon the hand of Christ, and place full confidence in him that he would save. Instantly he felt himself safe in the hands of the Saviour, and could commit his eternal interests to him without a fear. His soul was full of joy. He felt that "the eternal God was his refuge, and underneath him the everlasting arms." He went on his way rejoicing;

"Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

But just before, he knew himself to be in an open exposure, to the deserved and eternal wrath of a holy God; now he felt that as a perishing sinner, he had trusted in the Saviour whom God had provided, and was therefore safe. Instantly his heart glowed, for the first time in his life, with gratitude to God for providing such a Saviour, and from that hour, he felt that it would be the joy of his life to devote all his days to the service of this blessed Redeemer. The pleasures of this world which had before charmed him, now seemed worthless, and the service of God, which had before appeared irksome, now presented to his mind every delight which his full soul could desire.

Months passed away, and W. B., on a dark and damp and dreary evening of winter, was in a social meeting, in a small retired room, in one of our Atlantic ports. It was solemn, for the Spirit of God was there. The pastor was present, a young man who had just taken upon him the solemn charge of a feeble church in that place. He had a heart that burned with love to God and souls. He poured out his prayers, and his warm and earnest exhortations in the ears of guilty, dying men.

W. B. noticed sitting near him, a young man, a stranger, of whom he knew nothing but his name. He saw that this young man felt the force of truth. His impressions evidently deepened, under the eloquent and thrilling appeals which seemed to pour forth from the lips of the young pastor, evidently aided by the Holy Ghost, like pure water from the full wells of everlasting life. At length, the young man dropped his head, covered his face, and wept. W. B. sought the young man after the service had closed, and as they walked together the streets of the city, amidst the darkness and the mist of that dreary night of winter, he inquired into his feelings, and labored to point him to the Saviour of men. He thought of his own case, when his mind was darker than that dark night, and when he saw nothing before his own soul but the darkness and depths of hell. He thought of the horrible pit and the miry clay; and he thought of the sermon, which had been the means under God's blessing, of pouring light upon his soul. He brought up the same illustrations before the mind of the young man, and at length, at a late hour, he invited him to go to the study of the young pastor above mentioned. Here prayers were offered for the young man, and many efforts made to set his duty before him. He seemed to see it.

Mr B. parted from him in the street and they went separately to their homes, and before going to his pillow, he presented his new acquaintance to God in prayer, during which, he felt sweet confidence in God that his request would be granted. Suffice it to say, that before the darkness of that night was gone, the darkness was dispelled from the mind of the young man, and before the morning sun arose, the rays of the sun of righteousness broke in upon his gladdened soul. He was then a student at medicine, but he soon left it and set out to prepare for the ministry; and both W. B. and his friend, the young man, are now preachers of the gospel of Christ.

Subsequently, as the young man was being examined, preparatory to receiving license to preach as a candidate for the ministry, W. B. had the pleasure of hearing him state, that the same illustrations of truth presented in the sermon before mentioned, were the means of enlightening his mind, and leading him to trust in Christ.

For the Intelligencer.

Die Sprache der Albanesen oder Schkipetaren. Von J. Ritter von Xylander, Doctor der Philosophie. Frankfurt am Main, 1835. 8 vo.—*The Language of the Albanese or Shkipetars.* By J. von Xylander, etc.

The Albanese, by the Turks called *Arnauts*, and by themselves *Shkipetars*, form the principal population of Albania, are found also in Rumelia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, provinces of the Turkish empire, and constitute no inconsiderable part of the population of the new kingdom of Greece. Besides this, they are found in Calabria and Sicily.

Their origin is uncertain. Some suppose them derived from the Illyrians, an ancient tribe, kindred to the Thracians, and found in their present location in the very dawn of history. Others suppose them to have come hither at a later period, and to be descendants perhaps of a Tartar tribe. Others, again, make them the posterity of broken armies, which, seven or eight centuries since, took refuge in these mountains, and formed a new but irregular language, by a mixture of the Latin, Greek, and Romance tongues. In the defect of historical information, light can be expected on this point, only from an investigation of their language.

The work before us may be considered as the first attempt to *grammatize* this language; and that, principally by the aid of an Albanese version of the New Testament, published at Corfu in 1827, under the superintendence of the Archbishop of Euboea. This translation, and a few fragments of songs, collected by Hobhouse and Byron, form at present the whole literature of this people, made known by the press.

The Albanese have hitherto had no fixed written character. Those of the Mohammedan faith have employed, when necessary, the Turkish character; those connected with the Catholic church have used the Roman, and those among Greek Christians, the Greek character. The alphabet of Cyril is perhaps in itself the best adapted to their language; but the contiguity of this people to Greece, whence they must look for intellectual improvement, will without doubt give the pre-eminence to the modern Greek alphabet; enlarged by the addition of such characters as the peculiar sounds of the Albanese language require. The New Testament, referred to above, has been published in this way, and will help to give a currency to this character. The Greek accents are also employed in this version.

The Albanese language abounds in *nasals*.—The indefinite article is expressed by the numeral for one. The definite article is expressed by affixing, *a*, *e*, or *o*, the three primary vowels to the end of the nouns.—The pronoun of the first person is *eu*, probably a contraction of *dywys*, of the second person *ti*, and of the third *ai*.—The demonstrative is *ky*, *this*, and the relative *xe*.

The nouns have two genders, the masculine and feminine, the neuter being treated for the most part as the masculine. The declensions are three, corresponding to the suffixed articles. The conjugation of the verbs is considerably irregular.

It is the conclusion of Xylander, that in a vocabulary of about 3500 words, 1-70 part are Slavie, 1-18 Turkish, 1-8 Greek, 1-7 Teutonic, 1-5 Latin, making more than half of the whole stock. The remainder, he thinks there is reason to believe, belongs to an ancient European language. Of course, according to his view, the Albanese forms a distinct family by itself, and does not belong to the Greco-Latin family, as supposed by Balbi and others.

SUPPORT OF MINISTERS.

Pay your Minister.—1. *Pay him*, because it is the ordination of God, "that those who minister at the altar should live of the altar." When God sent you your minister, he laid you under obligation to yield him a sup-

port. The head of the church is too just to call a man away from secular labors, for his service, without giving a precept for his sustenance.

2. *Pay your minister*, because you owe him, and the precept is, "owe no man." Having had the time of your minister, you can no more deprive him of his wages without sin, than you could the reaper of your fields. The money you subscribed is not a charity, but a debt.

3. *Pay your minister*, that he may be *worth* paying. How can he give rich instruction, if poverty drive him out of his study to dabble in the business of the world? How can he buy books and periodicals without means? How can he think and reason closely, if you allow his mind to be tortured with fears of debt and insolvency, and keep him running from neighbor to neighbor to borrow money?

4. *Pay your minister*, so that he can pay his debts. The world expects ministers to pay their debts punctually. Not to do this is to bring a reproach upon religion. Can the minister be punctual, if his people withhold the mero? The shoemaker, tailor, merchant, &c. &c., must have their money, and will you compel your minister to defraud them?

5. *Pay your minister*, if you would keep him, or ever get another as good. It is a bad thing for a church to get the name of "starving out their ministers." We know *some such churches*. The curse of God seems to be upon them. Reader, are you a member of such a church?

6. *Pay your minister*, because you have promised to pay him. Not to do it is to forfeit your word. It is a debt of honor as well as of law. Your minister has trusted to your word, thrown himself and his dearest interests into your keeping. Will you, can you, be so unjust, so ungrateful, as to compel him to wait year after year for his pay, and then to sue you at the law?

7. *Pay your minister*, because you are *able* to pay him. How small is the pittance which falls to your share? With a little extra labor, a little unusual economy, how easily could you pay your minister *promptly*!

Will you think of these things?

For the Intelligencer.

WHAT WOULD PEACE SOCIETIES DO?

We will tell you what they would *not* do; and in such an age as this, it becomes us carefully to guard every avenue to misconception. Our cause has suffered much in this way; and we repeat our explanations in the hope of its being ere long understood *precisely what we wish to accomplish*.

Peace societies then, *do not interfere with the internal or civil affairs of government*. It is an ordinance of God; its ministers he has authorized to *exact obedience from its own subjects*; but *how far* the gospel permits force to be used for this purpose, neither the principles nor the objects of our cause require us to determine. Whether government has a right to inflict capital punishment in *any* case, or to employ the sword for the suppression of mobs and insurrections, it is not for peace societies to decide. Our cause does not involve this question. We are concerned, not with the conduct of a government towards its own subjects, but solely with the intercourse of nations.

Nor do peace societies legislate for schools or families, and say whether it is right or wrong to use force for their government. On all such points we have of course our own opinion, and put it in practice; but we are not specially concerned with them as friends of peace, because none of them come within the proper limits of this cause.

Nor do we propose to go on a crusade of peace into countries not blest with the light of revelation. We merely follow the tract of the gospel; we restrict our efforts entirely to those parts of the earth where Christianity prevails; nor do we dream of extending peace beyond the range of its influence. We rely on the gospel as the only power sufficient, under God, to sweep wars from the

face of the earth; and, if we can make them cease as far and as fast as Christianity prevails, we shall have accomplished our utmost aims.

Here is our whole object in its simplicity and grandeur. We seek merely to make peace co-extensive with the gospel, by so incorporating its pacific principles as an essential part of their religion in the faith and character of all Christians, that the spread of Christianity shall involve the prevalence of peace as one of its very elements, and thus insure the pacification of our world just as fast as it shall be converted to God.

This ought to have been done *always*; but it has not been done for fifteen centuries. It *must* be done, or peace can never reign over the whole earth. It is indispensable to the millenium. A kind of Christianity that does not make men peaceable *now*, will not, cannot make them so in the millenium; and, before that era can come, Christians must practice the virtues of peace as essential to their character, and thus ensure its blessed reign co-extensive with their religion.

G. C. B.

A QUERY. Will not peace extend *beyond* the actual limits of Christianity? Yes; let all Christian nations discard the war system from their policy, and their example would probably have the effect, so wide and powerful is their influence, of keeping the rest of the world in peace. Here and there a savage tribe might be found that would not be reached by such an example; but all the great nations of the earth would ere long come more or less under its benign and restraining influence. Still this would be a result for which we could not labor directly; the result of successful efforts among nations professedly Christian. Our direct efforts in the cause of peace can only keep pace with the spread of the gospel; although the whole world, even *before* its conversion, may feel the influence of our labors.—*Peace Gleaner*.

For the *Intelligencer*.

THOUGHTS FOR CONSIDERATION.

The infidel professes to be governed by *reason*. But in rejecting the doctrine of a divine revelation, he rejects the *use of reason*. To suppose that a benevolent creator would make a race of beings possessing strong passions perpetually urging them to the commission of crimes, or actions which necessarily injure themselves, and destroy the peace and happiness of society, is to embrace an opinion directly *inconsistent with reason*. The first act of the infidel then is to abandon that reason by which he professes to be governed.

If God has made such a race of beings, knowing that the reason with which he has endowed them would not restrain them from injuring each other, but that their passions would triumph over their reason, and fill the world with crime and misery; and yet has left them without a revelation of his will to guide and restrain their passions; it would seem to be a necessary inference that God is not a benevolent, but rather a malignant, Being. But with a man who believes God to be a malignant Being, it is in vain to argue.

In the effort to imitate God, in holiness of life, and the diffusion of happiness, there is a tendency to elevate the soul, to enlarge the views, and purify the affections. Goodness contributes to greatness. But in selfishness, which confines the views to personal benefit, the tendency is to degrade the soul, narrow the sphere of human actions, and render them ignoble. Sectarian partialities in religion, and party politics in government, have the effect to contract the affections, and circumscribe the sphere of benevolent actions.

The use of the epithet *republican*, to designate a party, claiming to be the *only* friends of a republican government, and denouncing those who differ from that party in particular measures, as enemies of such a government, has generated ill-will and hatred between citizens who are all equally the friends of a republican government—

a hatred that has produced animosities in a whole nation, which will endure for a generation, and will not become wholly extinct with the generation—a portion of the spirit it will descend like an estate of inheritance. The men who introduced the distinction, and the men who maintain it, have a tremendous account to render to a future tribunal, for thus violating the laws of social order, and the precepts of Christ—in short, for making men hate each other without a cause, for their own a grandizement.

Sectarianism often generates intemperate zeal; and bigotry is often the offspring of denominational distinctions—both these *tend* to banish Christian charity, and when excessive, always produce that effect.

The genuine spirit of Christianity should break down the partition-walls between Christians which an excessive attachment to external rites and forms has erected.

As ambitious men gain power and a throne under cover of republicanism, so they usurp ecclesiastical domination, in the guise of uncommon sanctity and regard for religion. The meekness and humility of Christianity bring men to the feet of Christ.

Men who make uncommon pretensions to republicanism in political affairs, and men who make uncommon pretensions to religion, are always to be suspected of selfish designs. Power gained by hypocrisy is usually abused.

The men who may be most safely trusted with power are those who never seek it. Respect comes spontaneously to those who deserve it. Men who deserve it least, are most apt to *run* after it. Those who have no funds of their own are obliged to borrow or beg.

MERRY HEARTED BLIND BOY.

The following beautiful lines were written by a gentleman in Boston, and spoken by one of the pupils of the New England Institution for the blind at its late exhibition in this city. They are taken from a book called "The Harbinger."—*Port Adr*,

The bird that never tried its wing,
Can blithely hop and sweetly sing;
Though prisoned in a narrow cage,
Till his bright feathers droop with age:
So I, while never blest with sight,
Shut out from heaven's surrounding light,
Life's hours, and days, and years enjoy,
Though blind, a merry hearted boy.

That captive bird may never float
Through heaven, or pour his thrilling note
'Mid shady groves, by pleasant streams,
That sparkle in the soft moonbeams;
But he may gayly flutter round,
Within his prison's scanty bound,
And give his soul to song; for he
Ne'er longs to taste sweet liberty.

Oh! may I not as happy dwell
Within my unillumin'd cell!
May I not leap and sing and play,
And turn my constant night to day?
I never saw the sky, the sea,
The earth was never green to me.
Then why, oh! why should I repine,
For blessings that were never mine?

Think not that blindness makes me sad,
My thoughts, like yours, are often glad.
Parents I have, who love me well;
Their different voices I can tell.
Though far and absent, I can hear,
In dreams, their music meets my ear
Is there a star so dear above,
As the low voice of one you love?

I never saw my father's face,
Yet, on his forehead when I place

My hand, and feel the wrinkles there,
Left less by time than anxious care,
I fear the world has sighs of wo,
To knit the brows of manhood so.
I sit upon my father's knee;
He'd love me less if I could see.

I never saw my mother smile;
Her gentle tones my heart beguile;
They fall like distant melody,
They are so mild and sweet to me.
She murmurs not—my mother dear!
Though sometimes I have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek, to tell the joy
One smiling word to give her boy.

Right merry was I every day!
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brothers, friends and all,
To answer to their sudden call,
To join the ring, to speed the chase,
To find each playmate's hiding place,
And pass my hand across his brow,
To tell him—I could do it now!

Yet though delightful flew the hours,
So passed in childhood's peaceful bowers,
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh;
And though I never long'd to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.

Now, since I've learned to read and write,
My heart is fill'd with new delight.
And music too; can there be found
A sight so beautiful as sound?
Tell me, kind friend, in one short word,
Am I not like that captive bird?
I live in song, in peace and joy,
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy!

APOLOGY FOR AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, a Delegate from the Presbyterian Church in the United States, to the churches and benevolent Societies in Great Britain, has felt himself called upon by the representations of Mr. George Thompson respecting American slavery, to attempt the vindication of his slandered country. After a protracted public discussion of the subject, between him and Mr. Thompson, the Glasgow Emancipation Society, in public meeting, passed a resolution expressing their increased confidence in the principles and measures of Mr. Thompson, which drew forth the following caustic reply from Mr. Breckinridge. This was in the form of a letter to the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow. He tells the British nation some plain truths, which it may be well for them to ponder. His statements, too, are valuable to many as sources of information; but they are a poor apology for our sin.

The main object of this communication is to point out, in the actual condition of considerable portions of the British empire, evils, which really are, or which your party has declared to be of so palpable and so monstrous a description, that decency would seem to require you to repress them, or at least to be very modest in rebuking others while they exist.

1. To come at once to the grand cause of outcry against us—the unhappy and indefensible existence of slavery in many of the States. Will you be so good as to turn your eyes to the map of Africa, and fix then on a spot longer than half of Western Europe? At its southern extremity, find Cape Town. Then find the speech of Dr. Philip, delivered in Exeter Hall ten days after you delivered yours.—In that town and neighborhood are

nine thousand British slaves!! Scattered over that vast peninsula are many thousand more of British slaves!! And yet the ear of day is dull with being told that in the British empire there were no slaves; and the very speech that has elicited these remarks, was made at a meeting on the anniversary devoted to a glorious fact that never occurred, namely, "Slavery emancipation in the British colonies."

Turn, now, I pray you, to the map of Asia, and find the vast dominions which God has lent to you there, embracing a population of one hundred and thirty millions of souls. Then look over a file of papers, and read a conversation that occurred in the Commons House of Parliament, but a short time back, between the Honorable Mr. Buxton and Sir J. Hobhouse on the subject of British slavery in India! There you will find it admitted that "domestic slavery prevails to a great extent" in India, "especially in Bengal." There you will find proof that no direct effort was ever made to abolish it,—and reasons urged by government why it cannot now be abolished,—and why treaties now existing seem to render its future impossible!

3. Turn your attention next, to the Western side of the Atlantic Ocean, and see nearly a million of apprentices in the West India Islands; and then remember what you have yourself said and written on the subject of the system; and call to mind the innumerable declarations made weekly up and down the country, by those who belong to your party, and who (at the Houdsworth Anti-Slavery Society, on the 3d of this month) denounced "as aggravated slavery under the delusive name of apprenticeship," and denounce every "proposal of government" as only calculated to excite suspicion.

Do I draw an inference at all strained, when I say that the subjects of a Monarch, whose dominions in three quarters of the globe are, by their own showing, and by irrefragible proofs, covered with slaves, should deal somewhat gently with other nations, who may chance to be in the same unhappy condition? Do I say too much when I caution such people to be more guarded in boasted assertions, which are contradicted by the fact and the record of the case? Do I give needless offence, when I beg you to remember, that your Parliament is omnipotent over this subject, and is therefore responsible for all the evils which exist, either through their negligence or by their consent? Alas! sir, it is an ancient habit, to be bitter against our brother for a mote, when a beam is in our own eye.

But I have yet more to add. We have been spoken against with great severity for neglect of the spiritual welfare of the colored population of the United States; and you have, in an unhappy hour, said, you believed and approved these hard sayings. I have in vain denied—in vain disproved them. My object now is, to show the condition of the country, whose people bring and credit them; still keeping the line of duty indicated by your suggestion.

4. Let me then beg you to look at the condition of Lower Canada, where the Roman Catholic religion is established by treaty and by law, where annual grants of public money are made to support it, and where it has had free course, until the people are so ignorant that by statute law the grand jurors and the school commissioners, are allowed the privilege of making their marks instead of signing their names, and where, according to the belief of the whole universe, except papists, a system of idolatrous worship is guaranteed by the power of the British realm.

5. Then look over the votes in the Committee of Supply in the present Parliament, and you will see 8,928l. "for the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth;" (which is just about the sum the vilified Americans pay annually to promote the religion of Jesus Christ in Western Africa, through the Colonization Society,) and I ask you, as a Christian, to resolve the questions, which of these en-

terprises you deem most injurious to true religion? which you and your party have most actively opposed? and which is most under your eye and control? Heaven and earth are moved to prevent the spread of the gospel in Africa, through the Colonization Society and not a whisper is heard to prevent the increase of idolatry in your own land through governmental patronage.

6. But a more frightful case remains. Remember that you have above one hundred millions of heathen in your Indian possessions;—then read the noble speech of the Rev. W. Campbell, a missionary from Bangalore, delivered at Exeter Hall, at the last annual meeting of the London Missionary Society. There, sir, you will find proof that the horrid system of Hindoo idolatry, in all its cruelty and corruption, is upheld, partaken of, and made a source of gain by the British authorities in India! Temples are supported by the government; priests and dancing women are paid a monthly allowance out of the public revenue; magistrates are present and aiding officially at their brutal ceremonies; military officers do their peculiar honors to the abominable thing; and British functionaries collect the wages of iniquity. And now, sir, what can the eagerness of party zeal find, in all its false allegations against us, equal to the naked deformity of these facts?

7. But pass again to another portion of your wide empire. In multitudes of publications I have seen our neglect of the religious instruction of the colored population of America, made the basis of insinuations against the sincerity of our religious profession. If you will read the speech of Dr. Philip, already alluded to, you will find the following sentence: "Boteman, a Caffre chief, and others, have been petitioning me for missionaries, by every messenger through whom they could convey to me a verbal communication, for the last twelve years; and I have not yet been able to send them one." Gracious Heaven! what an account will the twenty thousand protestant ministers of Great Britain have to render for the souls of these poor Caffres, whom so many of them have forgotten, to abuse their brethren in America for neglecting a population among whom a larger proportion hear the gospel, than of the inhabitants of the capital of the British Empire.

Let us look at London, the seat of your wealth, power, and civilization; the abode of your Sovereign; the seat of your parliament; the see of a bishop, whose income would support a hundred missionaries. Listen to what the bishop says of so much of his diocese, as is contained in the metropolis. "There are," says he, "thirty-four parishes containing above 10,000 souls each, (omitting all those which contain less) and in the aggregate 1,157,000 souls; but there is church room for only 101,682—less than one-tenth of the whole! Allow one church for every 3,000 souls, and 379 churches would be required; while in fact there are but 69; or if consecrated chapels be added, only 100." That is, above 1,000,000 souls, in a single city, and that city the seat of your glory, utterly unprovided for by the nation, and the established Church. Now if we should add what is done by dissenters of all classes, and add also the destitute of the small parishes, the result might be varied a little; but still, make the best of it you can, and you are left with more people destitute of the means of grace in London alone than in all the United States! If you doubt these statements of the Lord Bishop of London, consult the proceedings of the last annual meeting of the City Mission;—and then ponder, whether the hundreds of pounds squandered on Mr. Thompson's trip to the United States—and in printing his slanders of that country—and the additional hundreds which I see Dr. Hough urged the people of Glasgow to give him by way of "Festal fund"—might not have been fully as well laid out in sending the gospel to the British capital?

Besides, the accusations now made your own, on the general subjects of slavery in itself considered, and neg-

lect of the religious instruction of the natives—the remaining charges which we have been arraigned upon—may, to a certain extent, fall under the general head of severity, injustice, and deep-rooted prejudice against the blacks. These things may be true, or they may be false. The statements and evidence on both sides are in reach of the public. You have vouched for their truth, and it is not now my design to show the contrary; but to show who they are that are so ready to magnify real errors, and to allege false crimes upon their neighbors.

9. Pray, sir, were you ever in Ireland? If you were, you saw a land fertile and beautiful; a people, in some, intelligent, and active; a climate more genial than any other in so high a northern latitude; in short, every thing that should make its teeming population rich, happy, and powerful. I was there. I saw hundreds of people who had no fixed abodes. I saw the majority of the houses of the lower classes to be worse than the stables and cow-houses in England; I saw thousands in rags; hundreds naked; and hundreds more naked except a piece of a single old garment. I looked at the third report on the expediency of a poor law for Ireland, made by order of Parliament, and I found that 2,355,000 souls are out of work, have nothing to depend on and are in distress for thirty weeks every year. It is a settled, in disputable truth, that one-third of the Irish people beg their bread two-thirds of every year. And yet enormous quantities of grain and live stock, and all sorts of provision, are exported from Ireland. And yet, in defiance of all this tremendous, long-continued, and periodical suffering, there is no poor law, nor any sort of general provision by law, for the poor of that island. But there are forty-nine regiments of horse and foot, and a constabulary force of about equal magnitude—ready to stay the people's stomach with lead at night, and steel in the morning. This is the happy consummation of six hundred years of British authority! And how can you, Sir, look any human being in the face, and charge his country with wrong, till you have strained every effort to redress this vast hereditary guilt? Or if you fail, how can you speak, *notionally*, in the hearing of earth, or heaven, about human wrongs?

10. Look, for the last time, to the plains of South Africa, wet with the blood of murdered nations. Read the clear and masterly speech of Dr. Philip, already twice referred to. "If a traveller who had visited that country twenty-five years ago, were to take his stand on the banks of the Koiskamma river, and ask what had become of the natives whom he saw there on his former visit; if he took his stand on the rocks of the Sondags river, and looked towards a country seventy miles in breadth before him, he might ask the same question; if he were to take his stand again on the Fish river, and then extend his views to Uniruria, he might ask the same question; and were he to take his stand on the Snow mountain, called Graaf Reinet, (he would have before him a country containing 40,000 square miles,) and ask where was the immense concourse he saw there twenty-five years ago; no man could tell him where they were!" Ask Lord Glenelg, his Majesty's principal Secretary for the colonies, and he will admit that the system of treachery, plunder, and butchery, by which these brave and upright savages have been wasted in exterminating oppression, constitutes perhaps the most degrading of all the chapters of the history of mankind! It is a chapter written in the tears and blood of slaughtered tribes—and is hardly yet dry upon the paper that records it for the execration of posterity!—It is a chapter that had not been fully enacted when you were concocting plans and arranging agencies, by which to make illustrious the benign sway of universal freedom, justice, and benevolence in your *Monarchy*—and to brand upon our *Republic* reproaches which all coming generations could not efface.

But why need I multiply particulars? When these things are set right, and you seek from us another list, we will say to you concerning your polity, in nearly all its

parts, things which you will then be better able to bear. We will point out how you may establish real freedom amongst yourselves, and thereby show your acquaintance with its sacred principles; how you can make your laws just, equal and humane, and thereby manifest in practice your devotion to principles commended for others. At present such a proceeding could only irritate; and is the more readily forborne, because it is not as an American or a Republican, but as a Christian, my mission brought me to you.

AN AFFECTING CASE.

A few Sabbaths since, I witnessed the following most heart-rending scene, at the communion table of our ascended Lord. The ordinance was delivered to his communicants as they came up and knelt around the altar. Twenty or more could kneel around it at a time. One class came up, knelt and received the ordinance, and were told to depart in peace. A third class came and were received in a similar way. A fourth class came,—there were eight or ten who came. The minister waited and urged all to come. Soon two respectable looking colored females detached themselves from the congregation, walked down the aisle, went around to the end of the altar, away from the rest, and were about to kneel. The minister at this time saw them, and checked them, and motioned them away to a pew. They departed, looking sorrowful and heart-broken. The communicants were ordered to depart in peace. 'Now,' says the minister, 'if there are any of our colored friends who wish to come, they can come.' The two colored ladies modestly and meekly took their place at the altar. In a cold, indifferent way the sacrament was administered. The minister turned from them as soon as they had received it, and left them kneeling, without repeating the usual form, *depart in peace, &c.* At length, they rose and departed.

Dear brother, what shall be said of this? Are there no prejudices against color? Must there be a distinction at the altar of God? Will God's dear children be distinguished by their color in the grave? At the bar of God? In heaven?—*Friend of Man.*

"There was in former times," says the eloquent Abbe de la Mennais, "a man wicked and cursed of heaven. And this man was strong, and he hated labor, so that he said to himself, 'How shall I do? If I do not work I shall die, and labor is insupportable to me.'"

"Then there entered into his head a thought of hell. He went forth in the night, and seized some of his brothers whilst they slept, and bound them with chains.

"For," said he, "I will force them with rods and the lash to work for me, and I will eat the fruit of their labor.

"And he did what he had imagined, and others seeing that did likewise; and there were no more brothers—there were masters and slaves.

"That day was a day of mourning on all the earth."

For the Intelligencer.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Mr. Editor,—I attended, a part of the afternoon of the 25th, the meeting of the County Temperance Society, at Fair Haven. I regret exceedingly that I could not have been present earlier.

When I entered the house, Rev. Mr. Sawyer of New Haven was addressing the meeting. An outline of his address and of that which followed, is the most that I shall attempt.

His remarks were weighty and judicious. Weighty—because they were founded upon the Bible; judicious—because he followed out and happily illustrated and applied the principles of the Bible.

"Wine is a mocker." Mr. S. showed how in various ways strong drink, not excepting wine, mocked the hopes

and deceived the expectations of men. It had been supposed to be good and a gift of God. And so it was. And so was every thing the product of the power and wisdom of God. But not every thing was produced by him to be eaten or for drink. Various poisons were the product of God's power and goodness and they were good, but not as articles of diet. Neither was intoxicating liquor good to drink; but its influence was positively evil when it was put to a perverted use.

"Wine is a mocker—and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Men might have great practical wisdom, regarding other subjects; but when so much light had been poured on this, to be deceived by wine or any intoxicating drink, betrayed great folly and ignorance.

Again: "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." This is the principle. He would not have his hearers surprised that he should so often appeal to the Bible. He believed that great harm had been done by the advocates of temperance who did not make the word of God the basis of their operations. Some supposed that temperance reformers had got in advance of the Bible. He supposed, by enlightening the public mind, they were bringing back a degenerate public sentiment to the Bible rule. He was not wiser than the apostles. He did not know that any advancement had been made in the discovery of moral truth since the time of the apostles. He was willing to take the principles which they laid down as the basis of his reasonings on this and all moral subjects.

The only question then was, whether many were not stumbled, made to offend and to be weak, in consequence of others using strong drink? Did not the use of intoxicating drinks by some, cause others to do wrong? If so, then duty was plain. It was good to drink, not even wine, in such circumstances; and hence the drinking or traffic in intoxicating liquors for the purpose of drink was unlawful—was sin.

In the remarks which followed, the speaker applied the principle he had laid down with much force.

After singing an appropriate ode, in which the choir did themselves much credit, Mr. Bacon of New Haven addressed the meeting.

He wished to follow out still further the course of remark that had been pursued by Mr. S. He supposed that, to the observations which had been made, some might be disposed to object in substance as follows.

"In the Bible wine is spoken of repeatedly and almost uniformly as a good thing, and that peculiarity for which it was called good, was the very one for which it was now denounced; viz. that it would exhilarate. "And wine that maketh glad the heart of man." And even Christ when he came opposed, in his practice, all that was peculiar in the ascetic John, and was accustomed to drinking wine, so that it was a ground of censure from his enemies. But if the principle of abstinence from flesh, wine, &c. mentioned by Paul had been intended to apply to this subject, surely Christ, who was a pattern of goodness, would never have violated the principle by his own practice, and even commanded it to be used in commemoration of his death. Beside, the rule which Paul has laid down did evidently have not the least reference to the subject of temperance, but to the use of meats and drinks which had been offered in sacrifice in an idol's temple."

The speaker, for one, could not roll the chariot wheels of reform over the Bible; and if in his progress he should find the wheels square against that book, he must stop—go back, and try again. If this objection could not be met fully and answered, then they had better "beat a retreat." What then should be replied to it.

In the first place; the objection did not touch the use of distilled spirits. It was no where said in the Bible that God made rum to make glad the heart of man. Christ was never found drinking in the grog-shop, neither did

he introduce the cup of rum or of brandy as a memorial of his dying love.

The objection under consideration is one of the standing objections against all temperance efforts, but it is seen to have no pertinency to the case of ardent spirits, and hence the argument contained in it is powerless.

Secondly. No man is under any obligation or necessity to use any intoxicating liquor as a drink. It is no man's duty to use such drink. It is no man's duty to drink cider with his dinner, or a glass of wine on the fourth of July, or at a wedding. It is no sin to refuse to do so.

But does not Paul tell Timothy to drink wine? He does; but for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities, and then a "little" only: which fact shows two things.—First, that Timothy did not use wine before; and secondly, that the early disciples and Christians did not use it as a drink;—a fact that is capable of support from other considerations. And how far the accusation of the enemies of Christ was sustained by his practice, it is uncertain. Still, however, it is probable that the charge originated in their own malignity and was made up for the occasion; as good men have frequently been slandered since. But the Bible reiterates its warning, from the transgression of Noah when he reared an altar and planted a vine—(an altar and a vine together)—almost to the last warning of the Apocalypse, against the habitual or frequent and careless use of intoxicating drink.

In the third place. There is now existing an emergency—a necessity which respects the welfare of society, such as never existed before.

The times are changed,—the circumstances are changed; and with this change the duties of men are changed. Circumstances often change duty. It might be his duty, he said, in certain circumstances to do one thing, and under other circumstances to do a very different thing. It was right for the coarse, acetic Baptist, to come in the wilderness, with a leathern girdle about his loins, and with a garment of camel's hair, feeding upon locust and wild honey. But it was right for Christ to dwell among men, in the city—that he should be courteous and polite, and that he should wear that costly robe woven without seam from the top to the bottom, for which the soldier's cast lots at his crucifixion. Their messages were different. They had different objects to accomplish. What is the case at present?

1. The great and radical difference—the root and origin of all the difference between our days and scripture times is this. For the last few centuries a certain art has been at work, which, if any art is the work of the devil, is his work: viz. the art of distillation; by which the simple, fiery, uncompounded element of intoxication, is separated from every thing in it nutritious. And how has brandy been produced from wine? Why, from the muckilage, sugar and every nutritious substance, the drink for the drunkard has been separated. And by this art our land has been deluged with a flood of fire. At first no one, with less sagacity than the devil, could have foreseen to what "that thing would grow." The product was extremely scarce and very expensive. It was used as a medicine and placed among drugs and medicines, but never sold among provisions. A teaspoon full was considered a dose; and that quantity, for that purpose, it is believed is sufficient for a dose still. But the demand increased the facilities for the manufacture and the supply, and both rendered the product cheap; and now, in some parts of the country, whiskey is cheaper than milk. This fiery poison is poured out all over the land, coming in competition with water—God's own gift.

Circumstances alter duty. It was once not good, Paul tells us, to marry—at a particular period of trial to the church—but now circumstances have changed and duty is changed.

What is the effect of the use of wine now and of the other weak intoxicating drinks. It creates an appetite

for all. He who learned to drink out of the black pewter mug or the wine glass or to drink beer, at length is able to see no difference between them and rum, and hence he drinks them all. And it is this,—the use of the milder drinks,—that inflicts more curses upon society than ever flowed from any other fountain. And wine, sheltered by the objection under consideration, does more than all the rest:—wine of the devil, pressed from the grapes of Sodom and the clusters of Gomorrah, which "at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,"—wine, as it is bought and sold in the shops,—wine by a lie manufactured to destroy both soul and body, no man can buy and sell, or drink, and not uphold and abet a stupendous fraud, a counterfeiting. The same is true of beer. An immense amount of poisonous drugs is annually imported, for which there is no earthly use, but to put it in beer. To say nothing of ditch-water, and of water from the Albany basin, and of dead rats, there is poison enough put into the beer to make one start back with horror. Nor is there any way to prevent all this mischief but by kindness and persuasion and the practice of total abstinence.

But one thought more. The poor, deluded, ruined drunkard—there is no cure for him—no help. This thought should be remembered. In years past thousands of reformed drunkards have been reported to the society, and thousands have gone back, as "the sow that was washed," to their pollution. And one case of eight years standing, is one of a thousand, after all of the influence of the pledge, of the love of character and of friends. The disease is incurable.

Let every young man then beware, (for the hope of this society is in prevention) let him beware how at the tavern he sits down to a social glass, or to carouse with his companions. He is contracting a disease that will kill him. It is there—it is fixed—there is no cure. Better were he folded in the embraces of the constrictor, from whose grasp no earthly power could disengage him, and whose folds would press the closer at every effort made to escape.

To do justice to the speakers would be impossible. I have attempted no more than, from imperfect and almost illegible notes, to follow in part their train of thought, and, in some instance, to venture to give something like their language. The whole is at your disposal.

Yours, W. B.

WORSE THAN THE SAILOR.

"Captain!" halloed a man while hold of a rope as the schooner was towed through the Welland canal, "what will you carry me to Cleveland for, and find me?"

C. Three dollars.

P. And find me all I want?

C. I will give you a berth, and what you want to eat and drink.

P. Will you, what I want to drink?

C. I will furnish you with what tea and coffee you want, and good cold water.

P. No spirit of any kind?

C. No—none of the men drink any—we have none on board—never furnish it to any body.

P. Well, then I will not go with you.

C. I do not wish you too—I will not have you on board if you drink ardent spirit.

P. I will not help you with your vessel another moment, (letting go of the rope.)

C. Very well—don't want your help—would not have even the rope of my vessel soiled with the hands of a drinking man.

They parted. The captain made a second trip to Cleveland some time after, and while there a man came on board his vessel and seizing him by the hand, very cordially said, "Well, how do you do sir?" "Why, quite well, thank you, sir; but, as it happens, I do not know you," replied the captain.

"I am the man you refused to take on board for Cleveland, at the Welland canal, because he required spirit to be furnished him. It was a great disappointment to me not to go—I was detained a good while—but it did me good. I thought to myself—well, if I have got to be worse than the sailors, it is time to look about me—and I tell you what, captain, I have not drank a drop since. nor do I ever intend to."

H.

MERCY EVERY WHERE.

A cheerful fire threw its radiance on a circle of lovely children, too busily engaged in play, work, or book to heed the wintry storm which was raging without, save that now and then a thought of the houseless poor would cause some little heart to tremble, and the finger would be for a moment pressed upon the lip as if to confine the wish too benevolent to be granted, even by a parent's love.—At length one blast, more terrific than the rest, swept through the trees, bending the young, and making the aged to groan beneath its power. "Oh, what a pitiless blast, Mother," said Alfred, closing his book with a look of extreme anxiety. "It seems as if the very earth would be carried away."

"Are you hurt, my son?" said Mrs. Bidoe.

"Hurt? why no, mother: but I heard it."

"Well, but I hope you are not nervous."

"No, Mother: but don't you think this is a pitiless storm, and that that was a pitiless blast? I am sure you must think so."

"Certainly not, my son," said Mrs. Bidoe. "We are spared; and it was bid to spare millions of just such unworthy sinners as we are, and millions, too, of tiny insects, too small to be seen by the human eye. No, that was not a pitiless blast—it was wrapped in the tender mercies of our God. 'Thus far thou shalt go, and no farther, for mine eye pitieth,' is his word to every storm. My children, we may be sure that there is mercy in all the works of God."

"O Mother," said Marianne, "do you think that flies, and spiders, and serpents are useful?" "Useful to themselves and each other," said Mrs. Bidoe, "if not to us. The king-snake is very useful at the south, destroying every rattlesnake it meets. It is often drawn into gardens by the vines of the cucumber, which smell like the rattlesnake, and it is perfectly harmless, it is not feared even by children. I have read of a rattlesnake, too, that was not only a protection to man, but the means of preparing the Heathen for the preaching of the Gospel. God can make the wrath of man to praise him!" "Do, Mother, tell us about it," said the little ones, gathering around her.

"Count Zinzendorf," said Mrs. Bidoe, "was a German nobleman who protected the good Moravians when they were driven from Bohemia, built a village for them, and joined their Church. In 1742 he was in this country seeking to establish Christian churches among the Indians. He had heard much of the ferocity of the Shawnee, but was determined to visit them. Conrad Weiser, who was interpreter and agent, could not accompany him, but introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Mack. Mrs. Mack could speak the Indian language, and trusting in God to protect them, the little band ventured forward, and pitched their tents a little below the town. The Indians met in council to consider what should be done; and not believing the white men had come to do them good, determined to destroy the Count. It was a cool evening in September—Count Zinzendorf had kindled a fire in his tent, and with no door but a blanket, seated himself on his bed of dry weeds to write. A large rattlesnake, roused by the heat, and wishing to enjoy it more freely, crawled into the tent, and passed directly over the leg of the Count without disturbing him. At this moment those who were chosen to be his murderers approached. They saw his quiet look, they saw the snake pass over him without offering to injure him, and stretch itself near the fire before him,

and they dare not lift a finger against one whom the Great Spirit protected. In a few days Weiser arrived, and the poor Indians heard the Gospel, loved, and confided in the Count; and, what is more, many of them loved, and confided in the Saviour. My children there is mercy in every place on the earth; perhaps, not for us, but for some helpless creature of God, placed there to receive it."

BY HIS EXCELLENCY,
HENRY W. EDWARDS,
Governor of the State of Connecticut,

A PROCLAMATION.

In accordance with a long established, and cherished, and revered custom, I do hereby appoint Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of November next, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving, praise and prayer to God, and I invite all the people of this State, on that day to devote themselves to such observances as are appropriate to a Christian Thanksgiving, and particularly to assemble with their Pastors and Religious Teachers, at their usual places of worship, and tender their homage of Thanksgiving and Praise to God, for his favors to us as individuals and as a community during the last year. In preserving our civil and religious privileges—in giving us a season of health, and causing the earth to bring forth its fruits—in prospering the great interests of our country, and still advancing us in that career, which is with us a parallel in the history of the world, and also to supplicate Him, that he would continue to us these blessings—that He would enable us to live answerably to them—and that when our course here is finished, we may each one of us hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Given under my hand at New Haven, this twenty-fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, and of the independence of the United States the sixty-first.

HENRY W. EDWARDS.

By His Excellency's command,

ROYAL R. HINMAN, Secretary,

The aforesaid is a correct copy of the original.

THE UNION ANNUAL, FOR 1837, is the title of a volume just issued by the A. S. S. Union, designed as a present for the approaching holidays. We have not had the pleasure of seeing it, but from the Table of Contents, which we copy from an advertisement, and from the source from which it emanates, we should select it as a gift for a friend, in preference to any other of this class of books which are yearly thrown into the market. The price is \$1 50.

List of Embellishments.—1. Evening Prayers at a girl's school. 2. Vignette: front view of the Buildings of the Union in Philadelphia. 3. The stubborn child subdued. (An incident in the life of Mr. Raikes.) 4. The Lake of Genesaret. 5. The thoughtful Child. 6. The Patriarch's Joy. (A scene in the life of Jacob.) 7. The Broken Rose-bud.

List of Contents.—1. Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Sunday-schools. 2. The New Year. 3. The Table of Prayer. 4. The First Man—First Marriage—First Sin. 5. The Parting at the Tomb. 6. Thoughts of Teachers. 7. First Evening at School. 8. The Family Altar. 9. The Prophet's Lament. 10. The Lake of Genesaret. 11. Thou hast heard me. 12. The Wise Choice. 13. Influence of a Praying Mother. 14. The Sunday School Teacher's Dream. 15. The Thoughtful Child. 16. My Birth-day. 17. Parental

18. The Missionary. 19. The Home of the Gileadite. 20. The Broken Rose-bud. 21. Appeal from Bible Countries to the Union. 22. The Apostle. 23. Mary of Bethany.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

We learn from St. Louis, that the African Sabbath School has fallen under the ban of the mobites. At a meeting of the Sabbath School Association, it was voted to suspend the school, in consequence of threats of violence from the mob. How long this suspension is to last, whether it is intended to be temporary or not, our correspondent does not inform us.

We marvel that our brethren should have given way in this thing. No pupil was received into the school who did not bring from his or her master, a written permission to attend; and we cannot conceive what right any body else has to interfere. The next achievement will be to assault the church doors, and forbid the minister to enter, unless he will pledge himself to avoid in his sermon all unpopular topics and doctrines.

A similar attempt was made last fall to destroy the African Sunday School; but through the firmness of the superintendent, it failed, though headed by an Elder of the church.—[Alton Obs.]

As an evidence how far the late act of a few individuals, in destroying our press, was in accordance with public sentiment here, we would state that we have now in Alton between 120 and 130 subscribers, one hundred of whom have been obtained since our removal to this place. The Altonians sustain the liberty of the press, believing—and very justly too—that their own personal liberty is immediately connected with it.—[Ibid.]

Ordained, at Pittsfield, Mass., on Monday, P. M., the 10th ult., Mr. David White, missionary to Western Africa. Introductory prayer by Rev. Mr. Boies; sermon by Rev. Mr. Brinsmade; ordaining prayer by Rev. Mr. Hawley; right hand of fellowship by Rev. Mr. Danforth; charge by Rev. Mr. Shepherd; concluding prayer by Rev. Mr. Smith; benediction by Rev. Mr. White.

Gen. Duff Green has recently obtained from the legislature of South Carolina, a charter of incorporation for a Joint Stock Literature Company, with a capital of half a million of dollars, the object of which is to publish literary works, school books, papers and periodicals, favorable to their "peculiar institutions." In explaining his reasons, Gen. G. says: "Unfortunately, the literature of the north has been too much under the control of its priesthood—we mean its standard literature, its systems of moral and political philosophy—and it is of the greatest importance that our children, while their minds are as yet pliant and flexible, and 'credulous to false prints,' should be secured against the infectious spirit that breathes from these mad and mischievous systems. By way of illustration and warning, we would refer the reader to the late works of Drs. Channing and Wayland; the latter of which, as we learn from the author's preface, is shortly to be abridged for the use of schools. We warn the people of the south against them. They are concocted by the spirit of religious fanaticism, and come charged with the elements of confusion and strife."

Dr. Williamson, of the U. S. Naval Hospital at Norfolk, Va., thus acknowledges a grant of volumes and tracts to Bishop Meade, for that Institution. "As the surgeon in charge of this Hospital, the pleasing duty devolves upon me, of returning my sincere thanks for the valuable present of books from the American Tract society, obtained by the Christian efforts of Bishop Meade. My exertions shall not be wanting to make them as useful as the fondest wishes of all could desire; and I do hope that the inmates may ever look to them as a great means adopted by good men for their benefit here, and their happiness hereafter."

Rev. Nathaniel S. Folston, late Professor in the Western Reserve College, was installed on Wednesday last, as Pastor of the Church in Francesstown, N. H.

At the same time and in connection with the installation, the Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Hollis, was ordained as an Evangelist.

Rev. Dudley Phelps, of Michigan, was, on Thursday last, installed at Groton, as pastor of the church and society formerly under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Kirtledge.

The Baptist Board of Missions have recently sent out the following reinforcement.

Rev. Ailes Bronson, Norway, Herkimer Co. N. Y.; Mrs. Ruth Montague Lucas Bronson, Madison, Madison Co. N. Y.—Rev. Jacob Thomas, Elbridge, Onondaga Co. N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah Maria Willsey Thomas, Willseyville, Tioga Co. N. Y.—Rev. Levi Hall, Stafford, Conn.; Mrs. Catharine B. Morse Hall, Southbridge, Mass.

Messrs. Thomas and Bronson, are destined to the station at Sudiya, Assam, and Mr. Hall to the station among the Telingas, in the Presidency of Madras. They embarked in the Barque Rosabella, Capt. Benjamin G. Green. The Rosabella will land printing materials, &c. at the port of Amherst, in Burmah,—thence to, and land the Missionaries, at Calcutta. The Board shipped in this vessel about 2,000 reams of paper, three presses, &c. &c. The whole amount of disbursement required for their embarkation exceeded \$12,000.

The Rosabella wore the Bethel Flag, which we hope may soon be hoisted on every craft that floats upon the "mighty waters." Her captain and first-mate are both pious men.

In passing along Pearl-street, and its crowded lots of merchandise, we noticed yesterday a row of boxes in front of Disosway & Brothers, marked *Liberia, Western Africa*. We are informed that this trade is becoming so important, as to make it necessary for the merchants in the colony to visit this country regularly for their supplies. The gentlemen just referred to, received not long since, a lot of camwood from a firm at Monrovia, which sold in this market for seven thousand five hundred dollars. With the proceeds, the parties purchased a vessel, which was filled with a return cargo.—N. Y. Adv.

Professor Bush, in his remarks at the anniversaries last week, stated one fact in regard to the Koran, which we were not before aware of. It was this: that the Koran maintains the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy, viz. that the earth is the center of the universe, and that the sun and the planets revolve round the earth, and the follower of Mahomet was compelled to believe this, or suffer the penalty of eternal damnation. This fact, said the Professor, renders it evident, that the Mahomedan religion contains within itself the seeds of its own dissolution. The light of science will eventually dispel this illusion, and teach the follower of the false prophet, that the Koran has made him believe a lie.

We are informed by booksellers and others, that notwithstanding the fears and prejudices of many good people, Webster's edition of the Bible is fast gaining ground in public estimation. We hear no material objections to the manner in which the emendations are made, but great approbation. The sense of the common version is retained, as is the body of the language, but the alterations are deemed real and valuable improvements. Ungrammatical phrases are corrected, and obscure passages rendered clear and intelligible; offensive words and phrases are rejected, and their places supplied with others, which can be read in families without exciting a blush even in females, and disturbing the solemnities of devotion. There is nothing sectarian in the alterations, and a wish has already been expressed that this edition may be used in the pulpit. The friends of religion will

do well to attend to this subject, for certain it is that whatever in the language of the Bible tends to excite disgust or ridicule, must lessen the reverence due to the sacred oracles.

A very handsome Synagogue has recently been erected in Cincinnati, by the worshipers of the Jewish persuasion in that city; it being the first building erected for such a purpose in the western States.

AMHERST COLLEGE continues in its usual flourishing condition. The present Freshman class numbers seventy-six, and will probably increase to eighty.

The alumni of Harvard college, (Mass.) have resolved to raise \$100,000 for the diminution of the college expenses for under graduates—increasing the library—providing for indigent students—erecting and furnishing an observatory.

We have noticed with the greatest pleasure, that Gen. Harrison, during his eastern tour, has uniformly observed the Sabbath—resting from his travels and attending church. This is what the people ought to expect and demand of their public men.—*Cin. Jour.*

Mr. Lowell Mason, the distinguished musician, has been appointed Professor of Music at Andover Theological Seminary.

The Rev. Gurdon Winslow has accepted a call to the Rectorship of St. John's Church in Troy, N. Y.

The New York Board of Aldermen have voted to accept the offer of the Trustees of the Brick Church, (Dr. Spring's.) to sell the building, and the perpetual lease they hold of the ground occupied by that church, to the corporation, for the sum of \$150,000. It is expected that the United State's government will build a splendid Post Office on the ground. The congregation will doubtless take their \$150,000, remove farther up town, and build a large and elegant church. This will accommodate a majority of the congregation, but will close one more of the houses of worship heretofore accessible to the laboring classes who reside down town, and to the stranger. The Free churches, in Dey street and Chatham street, and the Tabernacle, remain open to all.

Evangelist.

Rev. Richard W. Dickinson was installed pastor of the Bowery Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening last. Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Mines, charge to the pastor by the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, and to the congregation by the Rev. Mr. Downer.

Bishop Kemper has been successful in obtaining the requisite subscription in New York, for the proposed College in Missouri. The sum of \$20,000 was subscribed in twenty days.

At the Anniversary of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, held on the 5th and 6th at Pittsfield, there were more than 60 applicants for agricultural premiums. Inquiry was made by the oldest member of the Committee of each one, "Whether in the management of their farms they used ardent spirits?" Of the whole number, there were but two who used this fearful poison; a fact which tells well for the high moral advancement in the noble cause of temperance of the leading farmers of Berkshire.

St. Paul's College.—The first stone of a new collegiate institution bearing this name, and founded by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of Flushing, was laid on Stratton's Point, in Flushing Bay, on Saturday last, in the presence of Bishop Onderdonk, and numerous visitors from the

neighborhood and from the city. Dr. Muhlenberg has long been favorably known as the Principal of the Flushing Institute, which will be removed to the new college as soon as the latter is finished.

At the annual commencement of the University of Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 5, 18 young gentlemen received the degree of A. B., and 15 of the Alumni that of A. M.

At Wadesborough, on Tuesday last, negro fellows we learn sold for thirteen hundred dollars, and not very likely at that, there was a credit of twelve months. A feeling honorable to our nature withholds the most of us from parting with this kind of property, but it would be the true interest of this country to send our slave population to the South, if any thing like present prices can be obtained. They certainly cannot earn the interest on their present value.—*N. C. Watchman.*

It is said that 120,000 slaves have been exported from Virginia, and only 60,000 from the coast of Africa during the past year. What a startling fact! How much sincerity, and what motive was there in the petition of Virginia to Congress to abolish the slave trade on the high seas? How much of their profits will soul drivers give to colonizationists for their slavery palliatives? In view of this fact, who does not shudder at the thought that God is just, and will deliver the oppressed. Who can visit in imagination the market places where all these human beings were bought and sold, like sheep and swine, and hear the wailing of separated husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters,—see their farewell embraces—and bursting grief, and not sympathize with bleeding humanity.—*Pittsburg Witness.*

The Rev. Dr. Westbrook, of New Brunswick, and lately of New York, has received and accepted a unanimous call from the church of Cortlandtown, N. Y.

NOTICE.—Minister's meeting at the house of Rev. Arthur Granger in Meriden, second Tuesday in Nov., 11 o'clock A. M.

MARRIED.

At Newburgh, on Wednesday the 12th inst., by the Rev. N. S. Prime, Rev. David White, of Pittsfield, Mass. to Miss Helen M. Wells, teacher of drawing in the Mount Pleasant Female Seminary, of the former place. Mr. and Mrs. White expect to sail from Baltimore on the 25th inst. as Missionaries to Cape Palmas, Western Africa.

At Brooklyn, Oct. 25th inst., by the Rev. Ichabod S. Spencer, the Rev. Benjamin Labaree, President of Jackson College, Tennessee, to Mrs. Susan F. Fairbank, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

At Marshall, Oneida co, N. Y. on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Rev. Edward Cosse, Missionary to Southern Hindoostan, to Miss Emily, eldest daughter of Thomas Kilbourn, Esq.

DIED.

In Wallingford, on the 17th ult. Mrs. Betsey Gaylord, wife of Mr. John Gaylord, aged 47. On the 21st, Mrs. Polly Tuttle, aged 67, widow of the late Mr. David J. Tuttle.

In Fair Haven, on the 8th inst. Charles Boardman, only son of John F. Woodruff, aged four months.

So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.

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